

MIPO ~ PRINT

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~Contributors~

Tasha Klein

Terry Lucas

~Editors/Publisher~

Cat Townsend

Didi Menendez

Blue Notebook

~ by Tasha Klein

The trip to Paris is your attempt
to take us back to a time
when love was just our bodies'
thoughtless response.

I plan to record everything;
the smell of the hotel,
the way our winter clothes
will hang down, heavy -

how quiet the water will be,
lapping soft against the tub,
washcloths dipping forgiveness
as you stroke me,
time slowing down to
just your hands.

And perhaps light will enter
a small window and hold us
and everything else will be
inconsequential for awhile.



Tasha Klein is a receptionist at a retirement facility in the Chicago area. She lives with a fat cat named, Esquire and a fish named, HookedOnGrass III.

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Photo of Ginsberg and Joans at City Lights by A.D. Winans



Terry Lucas' poems
are in the current issue
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Front Lines

A holy act of war correspondence—a homiletic from the front lines—where bulls eyed soldiers scribble on shards of cardboard, the horror of walking migraine streets, night after night, without bread, without hope, without a piece.

Where the neon buzz of the nova sons hovers in the subway air over the star-spangled, singing for fare.

Where drunk with dirty underwear, the solitaire huddle around the genital fire, shrouded in leaf huts in vacant lots and city parks, waiting for the long night to end in delirium of moon climbing 10,000 steps to stare down orange-goblin tower of suicide.

Where the cold-fusion of lies flows from the vagina of Fertile Crescent, flooding the mouth of south-east-west, drowning its lovers with ignorance of San Francisco earthquake, October 13, 1955, on north beach that opened up the metamorphic ground, pouring out Ginsberg and Williams and Pound, Pound, Pound.

Where legions of crocodile teachers, dressed in their patristic best, mark time in towers and garrets of America, denying the atomic blast of truth that set the casket of night ablaze only a city block away—where the beatific smoke is sweet as peyote in the embalmed streets.

Who taught upstairs and downstairs realities in houses of straw until Charlie Parker blew them away to Birdland.

Who ignored parallel universes and quantum conspiracies and tachyons and curved space and reverse time and tried to run away on impulse but were caught by the Borg Hive.

Who taught splitting atoms and personalities and infinities and mind and peas and cues and the Who?

Who ignored *African Genesis* and *Ratner's Star* and *Underworld* and *Naked Lunch* and *The Origin of Consciousness In The Breakdown Of The Bicameral Mind*.

Who prepared for myocardial infarctions with nervous breakdown jogging through carbon-based infested metroplex and dieted, dieted, dieted until anorexic.

Who ignored the beat and the beatific and the streets and the complete effete machine of the defeated political-nationalistic-border-crap-ownership of space-time-warp-bed-lay-me-down-to-sleep.